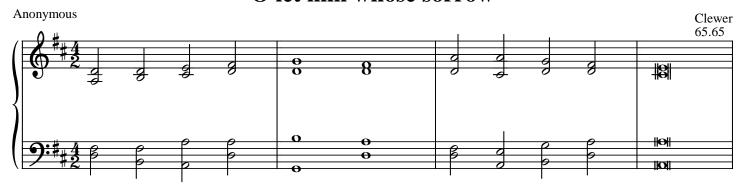
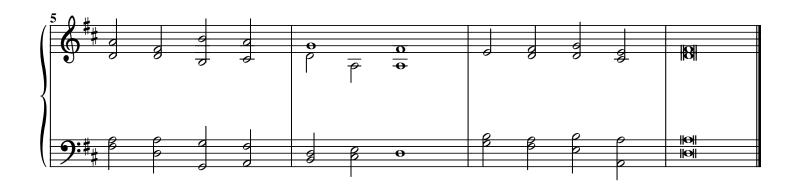
O let him whose sorrow





O let him, whose sorrow No relief can find, Trust in God, and borrow Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping Sheds the secret tear, God His watch is keeping, Though none else is near.

God will never leave thee, All thy wants he knows, Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven When thy spirits quail, When, by tempests driven, Heart and courage fail. When in grief we languish, He will dry the tear, Who his children's anguish Soothes with succour near.

All thy woe and sadness, In this world below, Balance not the gladness Thou in heaven shalt know.

When thy gracious Saviour In the realms above Crowns thee with His favor, Fills thee with His love.

Heinrich Oswald